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CELEBRITY WORSHIP NOW AN OFFICIAL RELIGION

Black Lung
Fortune Cookie Writer

Segments of recorded data from the 2010 census have leaked onto the internet and the results may come as a shock to some. Both life expectancy and average levels of happiness are the lowest they have been in census history, even dropping below the 1820 census, when reckless groin kicking was still a fad.

More importantly, this year's census results have given great insight into the countries ever changing religious ideology. While more than fifty percent of those who filled out the census checked the "I believe what I am told to" category; a whopping thirty-eight percent wrote-in their own personal gods' as being this year's hottest celebrities. The cast of Jersey Shore, Lady Gaga, Justin Beeeever and Rihanna made the top of American's lists, experts assume this is because of the cultural relevance of such celebrities as well as their individualistic ideas and insights into modern life.

"I just don't feel like hiding my beliefs anymore," says an anonymous local television enthusiast, "Every night I sit at my daughters bedside and we pray to the big guy (The Situation). It's the one thing I feel truly passionate about."

While celebrity worshipping religions begin to gain more momentum, churches and temples have opened, giving "Celebritarians" a place to worship in public. "A lazy-boy couch, a digital projector, and every season of The Hills, we of-

fer more than the average church," says Church of Fake Reality minister John "Fist-Pump" Bushberg. It's expected that every mall in America will have a celebrity worshipping temple by the year 2013.

Most celebrities are choosing to remain tight-lipped about the topic.

ZZ TOP DRUMMER KICKED OUT

Game
Master Imp Protector

After 41 years of refusing to grow a beard frontmen Bill Gibbons and Joe "Dusty" Hill requested ZZ Top drummer Frank Beard to leave.

The removal of Beard, a rock and roll hall of fame inductee, is surprising enough by itself, what is even more astounding is the reason why he will no longer be the one playing the introductory drum fill on the classic "La Grange."

"We just got tired of it," Gibbons said in an interview with Cohesion. "We're getting up there in age. We ain't fooling anyone, that's the truth. It's been a long time since we've written anything close to 'Sharp Dressed Man' or 'Tush'. And what happens to artists that can't write good songs? Look at Katy Perry, I mean, she dresses like a nut and shows some cleavage, and people pay to see it. It's all about the image at this point in the game."

Gibbons admitted frustration with Beard's reluctance to fit in with the ZZ Top image. "It's just what we do" says Gibbons. "It started off as a No-Shave November and suddenly it began to de-

fine us. Every year I would sit down with Frank and ask him to grow it out, even just a little bit, but he wouldn't give up his mustache-look. I said enough is enough."

Many fans thought that the band was simply playing off the irony of the drummer's last name being Beard. "I can't deny that was part of it. I mean, come on, it's kind of funny," Beard mentioned shortly after his exit from the band.

ZZ Top has since been recruiting extractor Joaquin Phoenix, whose beard is now just an inch shorter than Gibbons'. "We are really excited to bring him on board. He comes from more of a hip-hop background, but his facial hair meets the qualifications, so we didn't hesitate in offering him the spot." ZZ Top's new album, "Beard Almighty" is expected to be released in late December.

Beard, on the other hand, is looking forward to a hiatus. "We had a road of success that was very long. It's just that my facial hair wasn't. I never liked the things anyways, they were a flycatcher of spilled beer and food." Beard added that he's "excited to spend some more time with the family, and I wish the best for Bill and Dusty - Beard or not"

Beard had no comment on whether any other bands have approached him.

SWANK FLUE STRIKES IN ALLENDALE

Precious

Kitty Litter Tester

The CDC (Centers for Disease Control and Prevention) released an article yesterday regarding the growing number of cases of Swank Flue. Swank Flue is a disease which is fairly common to the flue, however, the symptoms are very different and possibly deadly. Our reporters interviewed the campus health center and they gave us a list of systems: talking with a "British" accent, bad hygiene, "fitted" clothing, drinking tea over conversations

about flaws in current US affairs, and eating poorly fried food.

APHIS just announced that the only way of contracting the disease is by interlocking toes or sharing the same toe-nail clipper.

When asked if there were any cases in Allendale, the campus health responded by saying, "We had a few in suspect, but they were actually from Britain. There are still a few in testing, however they said they are from a place called Australia. We have a team of Geologists working on this to see if Australia is a real country."

M. A. Taylor, a parasitology scholar, stated in a press conference yesterday that "if someone with Swank Flue approaches you, tell them that you supported Bush in the 2004 president election, they will usually let you be."

FAVORITE HARD CANDY OF ALL TIME

Reginald Watts

Official Spring Breaker

At the turn of the century, 56-year-old confectionary connoisseur, Bruce Wrapper, set out on a quest to find the most favored hard candy of all time. I recently sat down with Bruce in his Hershey, Pennsylvania home, which could easily be mistaken for the world of Willy Wonka. "This is my calling," says Bruce, handing me a disfigured ball in a bright yellow wrapper with a female superhero printed on it. "This is a piece from 1923 and it's the only one left. It's called Heroine. You know how we have caramel and nougat fillings in candy bars today? Well, this is chocolate, filled with black-tar heroine."

Bruce has spent the last 10 years conducting worldwide surveys to complete his life-long dream of knowing the world's favorite hard candy. But why hard candy? "Oh, I don't know," Bruce starts, glancing at his feet, a boyish smile stretching across his face, "it's just always been spe-

cial to me.” But not even Bruce, who has been studying consumer candy trends and conducting field work at candy emporiums across the country for most of his adult life, could prepare himself for the startling results.

“Red,” Bruce says, looking at me with his mouth open and his hands up in defeat. “Red! People don’t even care about the name or the flavor! All they know is the (expletive) color!” After Bruce calms down with the help of his inhaler, he concludes, “It’s okay, I can’t expect everyone to understand candy like me.” That’s true. You can’t expect everyone to have a mural of the M&M mascot as Mona Lisa painted on their living room walls.

TIM BURTON SET TO DIRECT REMAKE OF CASABLANCA

Leap Of Good Faith

Ostrich Baby-Sitter

The eccentric Tim Burton has just been announced as the director of the up-coming remake of the 1943 classic, *Casablanca*. “Many consider it to be the best movie ever made, but I believe we can make it even better,” Burton stated at an exclusive interview last week.

The director went on to say that he plans on “breathing new life into the classic to make it more accessible to younger generations.” When asked why he felt the need for a remake Burton said that “(young people) are turned off by the forties’ style of filmmaking, and I believe that no one should be denied a good story because of an archaic movie genre.” As with all his remakes, Burton plans to put his signature twist on the old favorite.

Early costume sketches show the actors dressed as marionettes, to emphasize how their actions are dictated by the circumstances of WWII. Johnny Depp and Helena Bonham Carter are rumored to be cast in the roles of Rick Blaine and Ilsa Lund, and Danny Elfman is already hard at work on the score. Only time will tell if the remake can stand up to the Oscar winning original.



Cohesion is a wholly democratic publication to promote creativity on Grand Valley Campus. We accept all forms of art, so give it a shot and see if you might be the next headliner in Cohesion Ver 2.0! [∞]

[∞]Send submissions to **COHESIONGVSU@GMAIL.COM**

COHESION IS NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR RANDOM FITS OF INSANITY, OR THE VOMIT THAT MIRACULOUSLY APPEARED ON YOUR COMPUTER'S KEYBOARD LAST NIGHT. THAT JUST WOULDN'T MAKE SENSE, AFTER ALL, WE'RE JUST PAPER. IT'S AT TIMES LIKE THESE WE THINK ABOUT PATRICK RENNA; IS HE STILL HANGING OUT WITH THE GUYS FROM THE BIG GREEN? I JUST NEVER UNDERSTOOD THE GOAT'S FUNCTION AS A MASCOT. ANYONE HAVE AN ANSWER?

Co·he·sion |kō'hē zH ən|

noun

1. A miscellany

2. Your source for student creativity.

3. Issue No. 1.0 / 10.5.10

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Dear **Cohesion**,

I've been living with my roommate for about seven months now, and not once has she done the dishes. She has her Bifocal Club over every month for dinner and makes a huge mess, then just leaves all the dishes in the sink until I get mad enough to take care of them myself. I bring it up to her all the time, but she STILL doesn't do anything. How can I get her to help wash dishes?

- Annoyed Dishwasher

Annoyed Dishwasher,

We here at **Cohesion** are quite familiar with the Bifocal Club. We get letters from annoyed roommates, co-workers, parents, etc., complaining that the bifocaled refuse to do menial tasks, such as washing the dishes.

Here's the deal: people who wear bifocals feel that they are 44% more superior to those who don't wear glasses, and 22% more superior than those who wear regular glasses (studies for tri-focal wearers are in progress). So your roommate feels that washing dishes is beneath her, which clearly isn't true.

What's the solution? Gravy.

There is a special interest chapter of the Bifocal Club out of Poughkeepsie, NY, called The Bifocal Club for the Morbidly Obese. Invite this group to your roommates' next monthly dinner, even offer to make the dinner. Serve a meal that involves gravy – gravy is key here. When the obese group finishes their meal, they'll lift the plates to their faces and lap up every last drop of gravy. Your roommate will be so disgusted after watching them huff and slobber all over her dinnerware, that she'll scramble to wash everything after they leave. She might even go so far as to clean the whole kitchen and dining room.

If you're having other problems, say, with her leaving her stuff all over the living room, pour gravy all over those things, too. The obese will sniff out the gravy, lick it off, and your roommate will learn to leave her things in her room. Just remember Gravy. Gravy is the answer.

DEAD LANGUAGE

Vincent James Perone

we speak a dead language
it lingers in the air
leaving our bodies wrapped around ladder rungs
we're trying to get up
our ambition is conditioned into our grubby fingers
our bones are intoned to the tune of success
our hearts
a slinking beat speaking easily
"breath and be good to me"
we talk but we don't say a thing

we speak a dead language
and it speaks back
tying us to those cynical train tracks
all we know is what we've been told
and we've been told that we don't know a thing
and we don't grow up
we just grow old
senility shrieking
that same dead language
we should have buried it
in our father's footprints
between the generation gap
between the time traps that lead us further and further back
we should have hid it
behind those splintered grins
in the photo on the mantle
we should have quit while we were behind
because the time came and went
and sent us in every direction we didn't want to go
and we've been bleeding bread crumbs
trying to find a way home

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and we've been bleeding bread crumbs
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we speak a dead language
we feed on our conversations bleeding anemically
frequently
starting then stopping again
riding the brakes
speaking for nobody's sake
let's shake it off
let's shake the cobwebs from our vocal chords
scream the spiders out of our esophagus
trust the resonance of our own voices
because it's all of us
it's on all of us
to change the hopelessness of everyday conversations
into the openness of kinship

we speak a dead language
and we should raise it
like lazarus
like our spirits
like our hands
and our voices
let's lift them
start saying what we think
instead of thinking what we have to say isn't worth the oxygen
it's worth it
because we deserve it
we're the dissatisfied youth looking for truth
between half-raised eyebrows and slack-jawed smiles
let's make it known
that we speak a dead language
and we plan to change it
to use our ballistic linguistics
to tear holes in the blindfold of old

because our words are more than symbols
we are more than symbols and egos and hopeful defeat
we are and forever will be
the reality and complexity of humanity
we are and forever will be
the need to speak and be heard
so let's listen to the inevitable
the unavoidable
the invisible voices
and speak a new language
one that lives beneath our skin
within our blood
and boils to the surface
just waiting to get out.

HEY, YOU'RE NEW, CAN I SENSATIONALIZE YOU?

Andrew J. Wilt

I introduced myself to a
twenty dollar bill today.
It just looked at me.
I asked it why it causes
so much pain in the world.
It said,
“In God We Trust.”

Life isn't a puzzle: we make it one.

Between the bills and the jobs and the gas gauge, everything is always a task; a means. We're so stuck in the process, we forget what it accomplishes. We've chewed gum so much, we've forgotten how to swallow. We sit down to write plans on how to put plans into action, and we save room for analysis and revision at the end.

Is anything ever finished? Does practice ever make perfect, or does it just make practice?

Even in the concept of Utopia, we know such a place does not exist. *Ou topos* is a "not place" that any fluent Greek will tell you is unreachable; unobtainable; fathomable, but un-realistic.

Why so much "un-"? Why can't we see an end without the necessity of means? Why can't we be content with what we are?

We can't because we aren't. Our food isn't chewed. Our houses don't build themselves. Even impromptu is writing in action. Even live television is delayed for viewer's safety. Not every bird has a destination but every destiny has a path.

Why not just the means? Why can't we just fly? Why does clay have to make a sculpture? Why do pieces make a puzzle? Why can't this all be for nothing? Why does everything need a reason?

Because if everything is rhetorical, nothing is. If everything is ad hoc, nothing can be a posteriori. Without meaning, there are no means. Means without an end are meaningless.

Then if means and end are codependent, when is the end ever realized?

Could it be that we are building nothing but a perspective?

That we aren't a part of a greater whole, but a hole greater than we could realize? Is anything real or are we real-izing fiction? If this is life, why should there be an after? Is this life? Is there living on earth, or just means?

Truly, there is only one end, and it isn't the completion of a puzzle.

INFERENCES FROM A LIFETIME OF ADVERTISEMENT

A.J. Hart

Horns on a Texas longhorn

	Like a charging steam engine	
	A tele(graph soon to phone) pole	
	A lasso of the old west or colt .45	
	Wheels of the wagon grew into modern rubber	
	Men are the essence of this cigarette	
	The 'ohhhlllll' of a smooth mint smoke and	
	If you put light things in your body you	
		weigh less.

Marlboro Menthol Lights

TUNES:

EDWARD SHARPE & THE MAGNETIC ZEROS

Aaron Schultz

Front man Alex Ebert (The Lucky 13's and Ima Robot) formed Edward Sharpe & The Magnetic Zeros with his romantic interest Jade Castrinos. The band, comprised of 11 people (give or take a few) has had their first album "Up From Below" out since July of 2009. The album is uplifting, inspiring and addicting as hell. As a forewarning, this band has a way of bringing out the inner hippie in us all.

Contributing to their indie folk sound is a myriad of instruments including but not limited to trumpet, ukulele, harmonica, accordion, fiddle, guitar and keyboards along with plenty of group vocals. Their hit song entitled "Home" features an insanely catchy whistling intro and has been featured in a popular youtube video called "Guy Walks Across America". If you ever get the chance to attend one of their shows, I highly recommend it. Their concerts have a comfortable, inviting atmosphere and unlike some bands that come onto the stage just to get the pay, this band comes out there to put on a good show that connects with the audience. So: do yourself a favor and check this band out.

THE SOCIAL NETWORK

Max Holmes

After eighteen years of filmmaking, auteur David Fincher has perfected his trade. Pat yourself on the back David, you've come a long way since "Alien3". With "The Social Network" Fincher demonstrates his ability to piece together a nearly flawless film. Each element of the production elegantly showcases the meticulous hands of a director in the caliber of Kubrick. "The Social Network" is a filmgoers' dream: engaging, biting, beautiful, astute, comic, inventive, factual, and ultimately tragic.

"The Social Network" unfolds the saga of The Facebook, sorry... Facebook, it does sound cleaner. Our asshole hero Mark Zuckerberg (Jesse Eisenberg) acts as our anchor through the convoluted history of Facebook. We witness the birth of Facebook (in the form of a "girl rating" website, Face Smash) in a Harvard dorm room. Created by an embittered and intoxicated Zuckerberg, and his best friend and business partner Eduardo Saverin (Andrew Garfield) in a breakthrough performance. The film guides us through the adolescence of Facebook, and more specifically Zuckerberg himself.

The film manages to be true and multifaceted biopic. All the subject matter addressed is unbelievably compelling, you can't help but become absorbed and involved. The most important aspect of the subject matter is its relevance to our generation - a film born out of and engrossed in the technological dependencies of our generation.

David Fincher, screenwriter Aaron Sorkin and Jesse Eisenberg make Mark Zuckerberg the most interesting "character" to appear on the screen (so far) this year. Eisenberg's unflinching and sometimes brutal portrayal of Zuckerberg is the actors finest work to date, a potential Oscar nomination (too bad that doesn't mean much anymore). Eisenberg's precise and entirely three-dimensional character makes DiCaprio's Cobb look like a cardboard cutout. The supporting roles are not left without purpose as each character's experience weaves into Zuckerberg's to create an entirely human fabric. The characters give the story a sense of the utmost realism, the actors don't seem to act - it's eerily *natural*.

David Fincher and co. have constructed another impeccable film worthy of your time. So thank you David, for "The Social Network" in fact it's so good we might just forgive you for "The Curious Case of Benjamin Button." Maybe.

